

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER  
W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.

SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.

No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful Than the People's Government.

THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

Every Citizen to Contribute to the Support of the Government According to His Means, and Not According to His Necessities.

FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.

The Senate, Now Becoming the Private Property of Corporations and Bosses, to be Made Truly Representative, and the State Legislatures to be Redeemed from Recurring Scandals.

FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

As the Duties of Citizenship Are Both General and Local, Every Government, General and Local, Should Do Its Share Toward Fitting Every Individual to Perform Them.

SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.

All the Nation's Money to Be Issued by the Nation's Government, and Its Supply to Be Regulated by the People and Not by the Banks.

SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

Organizations Powerful Enough to Oppress the People Are No Longer "Infant Industries."

Good Democracy and Good Americanism

It is hard to tell whether the folly of such anti-expansionists as those who cheered Aguinaldo in Cooper Union on Monday evening is doing more to promote expansion than the brutal, senseless policy of the Administration is doing to discredit it.

The Aguinaldists applaud disloyalty.

The McKinleyites are trying to establish imperialism.

The American people have no use for either imperialism or disloyalty.

As an American paper, THE JOURNAL IS OPPOSED TO IMPERIALISM, BUT IS NOT OPPOSED TO EXPANSION.

The American people want to give liberty, not to a mythical entity called the Filipino people, but to the individual Filipino human beings. If we left them to themselves these human beings would have neither liberty nor independence. They would be ruled first by a military despot and then by some European power.

Let the Democracy adopt a true American policy. Let it make the Philippines true independence by making them part of this free republic.

Do the people of Arizona feel oppressed? Do they want any more independence than they have? They would like to have their Territory made a State, but if they were offered the privilege of establishing an independent republic, under a president of their own with a gold whistle, how many of them would accept it?

We believe that Filipinos should have just as much liberty as Americans. That is good enough doctrine for the Democracy to win on next year.

AN AMERICAN OF COURSE.

The World has discovered now, what the correspondents of the Journal cabled from the other side of the globe some months ago, that Admiral Dewey takes the American view of the situation in the Philippines. It publishes a dispatch from Gibraltar which says: "Admiral Dewey to-day expressed a favorable opinion as to the outcome of the war in the Philippine Islands, saying that he hoped the next dry season would see the insurrection quelled."

These few words show Dewey's real feelings. He hopes the insurrection will be quelled. He does not hope that Aguinaldo and his savages will continue killing American soldiers. Dewey is an American.

Now will the contractionist papers that have been misrepresenting him apologize?

THE COMING WAR.

It looks as if war in South Africa were certain to come, but it is hard to see why it is necessary. The Boers are doubtless an exasperating race to deal with, and in some respects they have taken an unfair advantage of their position. They have had old-fashioned notions, and have shown no desire to adapt themselves to the demands of progress.

But all this gives England no moral right to interfere by force in their internal affairs. Their republic was established before the first Uitlanders went there. The foreigners settled there with their eyes open, because they thought the gold of the Transvaal worth its cost. Their judgment has been justified, for they have amassed millions. If they are not satisfied with the conditions under which they have made their fortunes out of the exploitation of the Transvaal's resources, they always have the option of leaving.

We fear that England will find it hard to justify before the world an invasion of another country on such grounds of complaint as she has against the South African Republic.

TAKE CARE OF OUR GUESTS.

The news that the hotels of New York are overcrowded may be welcomed as an evidence of prosperity, but it has a very serious side. Hundreds of people have been wandering about the streets, with money in

their pockets, looking vainly for a place to sleep. If this is the case now, when nothing particular is going on, what will the situation be when the Dewey celebrations bring hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of visitors to town?

Plainly something will have to be done if we do not want to subject the city's guests to the discomforts of the pilgrims to Benares and Mecca. There should be a committee in connection with the Dewey celebration to organize the entertainment resources of the metropolis. Every hotel and boarding house and every private family willing to take temporary lodgers should be registered, with the exact number it can accommodate. New York is great enough to take care of all the visitors that may come here if its resources can be made available. It is the business of the Celebration Committee to see that the work is done.

"LET MEN DIE," SAYS SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, president of the American Association of Social Science, wants to reconstruct human nature by law.

At a recent session of the association of which he is president he is reported to have said:

"When a man is mortally ill, it is wrong for doctors and nurses to prolong his life. It should be made illegal."

For deep and profound perversion of everything good in human nature this suggestion by the head of the Social Scientists comes very near taking the frosted cake.

The American woods were full of Social Scientists of the Baldwin type before the advent of Columbus. An Apache Indian who leaves his mother to starve in the desert because she cannot keep up with the procession is, according to the Baldwin theory, a Social Scientist of the most advanced order.

The Mombuttos Africans who murder the deformed of the tribe are not less Social Scientists than the Australian bushman who dines upon his superannuated fellow.

Judge Baldwin would place the world once more on a purely physical plane. He would say to the dying: "You are clearly of no more use to us. Good by, and good luck."

There are many eminent men who have been saved to the world by science other than that of the social brand.

Through century upon century we have cared for our sick, we have nursed our dying, we have learned to amputate anything, from

this toes to the brain, and the science of life-saving goes steadily forward.

Through the growth of pathology and surgery and the knowledge of how to live correctly the strength, stature and mental breadth and depth of humanity have greatly increased.

They will continue to increase. The "survival of the fittest" in these times means the survival of the fittest rules of living, the fittest laws of government and the fittest science for caring for the diseased and dying.

In the forward march of mind over matter men of the Baldwin belief act as fetters. In the onward sweep of the chariot of enlightenment and civilization men such as Baldwin are clogs to the wheels.

His creed is the apotheosis of selfishness.

A WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

Mrs. Mary Howard, of No. 152 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, has been walking every day for nearly a week to Bellevue Hospital, a distance of over six miles, and back, to see her insane husband. These journeys from West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth to the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, which few robust persons would think of undertaking on foot under the most favorable circumstances, she accomplished while weak from lack of food, and sometimes with her six-months-old baby in her arms and her four-year-old boy walking by her side. And after all her demented husband could not recognize her.

Can womanly devotion go beyond that? Think of our grumbling because we have to ride to Harlem hanging from a strap on an elevated train, and think of this poor wife, staggering in semi-starvation along that weary hundred blocks and then across the city, carrying her drooping baby, leading a child for whom a walk of a mile would be too much, and finally fainting from exhaustion! How many wives in fashionable society would do as much?

NO MORE AIR CARS.

The air-power cars on Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets are an experiment. The description in yesterday's Journal of the results of their operation will convince the public that the experiment is not one to be extended. The people who ride on the cars or live along their route have no need to read any descriptions.

The air motors are insufferably noisy—they are practically steam locomotives, under fifteen or twenty times a locomotive's pressure. They leave continuous trails of mixed grease, graphite and moisture from their exhaust cylinders, to the ruin of any fabric that touches them. They are dangerous, for an explosion of a cylinder under a pressure of 2,500 pounds to the square inch would resemble the work of a torpedo.

The Metropolitan Company's experiment has been interesting, but it has gone far enough. Let us have something milder next time, please.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR MUNICIPAL ENTERPRISE.

The Staten Islanders are complaining loudly and justly of their lack of proper communication with Manhattan. It is certainly an absurdity that an island that has twenty miles of water front possesses only one ferry uniting it with the rest of the metropolis, of which it forms a part—it is as if it were surrounded by a wall that had only one gate. Furthermore, the boats are old and slow, and there are not enough of them, such as they are. It is not possible to expect any development of the island under such conditions.

But now come the Staten Islanders with the proposition that a municipal ferry be established. It is pleasant to note that the spirit of municipal energy has shown itself among them. Let their plan by all means be welcomed. Whenever, even on the smallest occasion, municipal enterprise can manifest its benefits opportunity should be given.

Let New York buy and operate the Staten Island ferry.

The Telegraph Monopoly.

Editor of the New York Journal: Your leader of to-day, entitled "Monopoly Propped by Barons," is invigorating as a splendid illustration of the integrity of your purpose and the courage of your integrity. A newspaper that dares to attack that most criminal of all derelicts, the telegraph monopoly, that has held kings and king-makers, newspapers and newspaper makers in subservience for many decades, must be counted even far more than a wonder; are, a distinct acquisition and a bright star of promise for the new century so rapidly approaching.

But the action of the Western Union Telegraph Company in regard to the Cuban business seems to me, important as it is, in the light of a mere bagatelle compared to its iniquities heaped upon its victims nearer home.

No more potent illustration of the power of this telegraph monopoly is found than in the persistent and flourishing condition of the pool rooms, eating and drinking houses, and the like, in New York and in the State of New York. For many years, and vain attempts have been made to close them, and the State Legislatures, State Legislatures and race tracks themselves, alike have taken a hand. Legislative committees like the Lexow, and more recently the Mazet, have wasted time and money in a seeming effort to trace the blame, through a channel tortuous and winding. And yet as a matter of fact, the telegraph monopoly has blatantly, openly and persistently encouraged, by all the power it possesses, their maintenance and continuance. In defiance of law and the provisions of its charter, it has offered special inducements, at not less than from six to ten million dollars yearly.

In one of Mr. McKinley's speeches he declared that the post office was a gigantic Government trust; that legislative assemblies and the various governmental departments were all trusts, and trusts, moreover, not only right and proper, but eminently essential.

Now, if it is eminently "right and proper" that the United States should manipulate the post office trust, in which the interchange of thought, business, light merchandise and the like is carried on through the tangible sources of letter and parcel, equally "right and proper" must it be that the Government should personally supervise those channels through which similar interchange is made by the intangible medium of the wire. The evidence surrounds us that if the malignant and criminal power of trusts is to be broken the trust must be attacked—and that root is the telegraph monopoly. Brooklyn, Sept. 6. D. W. H.

MRS. FISKE'S "BECKY" IS ATTACKED,

AND SHE IN TURN DENOUNCES HER CRITICS.

THE Montreal Herald, in an editorial on Wednesday last, sharply attacked Mrs. Minnie Madden-Fiske's new play, "Becky Sharp," as unwholesome and immoral. The dramatization of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," it claims, has brought out more strongly than necessary the blacker side of Becky's character, and Mrs. Fiske is roundly condemned for having "thrown her talents into the role of a degenerate."

To this attack Mrs. Fiske has replied in the following telegram to the Journal:

Montreal, Sept. 7.—"The malicious and abusive article in the Montreal Herald, and its dissemination, can be safely attributed to the industrious mercenaries of the Theatrical Trust, who assume an absurd attitude in discovering, fifty years after it was given to the world, that Thackeray's story is immoral."

"Perhaps the Theatrical Trust will discover by and by that John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' from which Thackeray extracted the gem of his classic, is also pernicious."

"It can be readily understood that the existence of 'Vanity Fair' escaped the attention of the scholarly and high-minded gentleman composing the Trust until the fact became known that I had adapted the novel for dramatization by Mr. Mitchell. And it can further be imagined with what eagerness, these literary connoisseurs then devoted Thackeray's masterpiece, and with what horror—not unmixed with hopeful expectations—they contemplated the awful character of Becky Sharp."

"I have not the impertinence at this late date to defend the atrocities of Thackeray, committed half a century ago, nor do I think that lovers of Thackeray will be disturbed by the moral convulsions of the Theatrical Trust."

"MINNIE MADDEN FISKE."



Mrs. Fiske and Her Portrayal of Becky Sharp. (Drawn by Penrhyn Stanlaw from Book Buyer.)

ALAN DALE REVIEWS "MISS HOBBS," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

WE are all very fond of the delightful author of "Three Men in a Boat" and those witticisms on the subject of the stage that he wrote almost against himself. It was an eager audience that went last night to the Lyceum Theatre to see Anne Russell in Jerome K. Jerome's play, "Miss Hobbs," produced "for the first time on any stage," as they say in the jargon of the programme. Mr. Jerome never quite disappoints, and that eager audience had a variegated time of it. There were moments when "Miss Hobbs" could be looked upon as the prettiest, simplest, fragrant little story—just like the railroad reading in the Strand, or the fiddle, or Pearson's. And there were other moments when Mr. Jerome's friends felt his chin, his gallantry and the decent treatment of his girls.

Jerome is always good in dialogue and in cute little ingenious ideas, and there are plenty of these in "Miss Hobbs." They supply the delightful moments to which I have alluded. But when Mr. Jerome tried to skulk beneath the dead-and-gone mantles of Shakespeare and Oliver Goldsmith he showed his limitation—or perhaps he showed ours, because we only like Shakespeare when it is really and truly Shakespeare, and also and moreover because we have been taught to really and truly like Shakespeare.

The hero of "Miss Hobbs" is our old friend Petruchio, the wife-tamer. Miss Hobbs is a young woman with a mission, who believes that marriage is slavery, and that men are brutes. She wants a married girl away from her husband and an unmarried girl away from her lover. Our hero decides to tame her, as in the famous "Shrew," and bets that he will kiss her in an almost "Cymbeline" like locality. So far so good. But Petruchio belonged to England and to Shakespeare's day, when gentlemen beat their beloved ladies, and the beloved ladies rather enjoyed it. Petruchio belonged to a brutal day, when women were chattels, to be bought and sold, and when the wives had rather a hard time of it. We have changed. We have changed even so far that we don't even care to see a pretence of man's brutality to women. The tamer in "Miss Hobbs" is an unpleasant person and a cad. Perhaps Miss Russell will not be sorry to hear that he lost our sympathies very early. We like "The Taming of the Shrew," because we have been brought up to like it—ours not to reason why, but to obey. It isn't pretty, and it must be less pretty in America than it is in England. They still trample on their lady loves in the English provinces, and there are many ladies abroad who can still say, "Perhaps you were right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?"

Wolf King Lear, the prize in "Miss Hobbs," orders the young woman, when she is on his yacht, to sit down, to stand up, to cook his chops, to pour out his milk, and then when she does it, he reads her a lecture about the beauty of bearing children and the horror of writing novels for painted dolls looting on sofas. No, Mr. Wolf King Lear, we can't accept. We don't want Petruchio in our lives to-day. We are too fond of our Katheteries. They rule the roost to-day, unmolested, and if we can't live with 'em we go to our lawyers in a gentlemanly way and get our little divorces. But we don't bully 'em and order 'em around like dogs.

But there is much in "Miss Hobbs" that is Jerome-y and delightful. It is all in the dialogue, in the amusing wife and the repentant girl, in the clumsy boy-lover and the jolly old sea captain. Miss Hardcastle appears in "Miss Hobbs" seduced in order to make Beniah's husband make love to her—or the man she believes to be Beniah's husband. But there are two King Lear's, and when Miss Hobbs has the gentleman at her feet and the wife pounces in to the flagrant delinquent, she discovers that it is the wrong King Lear.

This jolly little situation went wrong last night. Somehow or other it seemed to lack ginger, but it is a good situation for all that, and it will undoubtedly be worked up for all it is worth. In the third act Miss Hobbs is, as she imagines, alone with King Lear on his yacht. He has bribed the captain to manufacture a fog, and it is there that "The Taming of the Shrew" is enacted. The climax comes when she flouts his betting book in his face and allows him to understand that she knows the infamy that prompted him to bet that he would kiss her. There is so much that is

charming and ingenious—also ingenious—in this little play that I should say, with a little doctoring, it could be endowed with wonderful vitality. Play-doctor Sydney Rosenfeld was the one who gave it his medicine chest and his instruments of torture. Perhaps he can help it along.

Annie Russell as Miss Hobbs played with her accustomed grace and refinement, but the role did not suit her. She is not the sort of woman to hate a man, even for two acts. Somehow or other Annie Russell is always the sweet little clinging girl whom in this Jerome play she affects to despise. But she cooked his chops prettily, and then when he cut his finger (ah! how Jerome must have smiled at the beauty of the incident!) she bound up his wound in a manner that would have won over the most stony-hearted monster. Charles Richman as the bully could certainly have made no more than he did of the overbearing giant, who would have been tolerable in toggery, with a few "Zounds!" "Elizabethan ogre," and other meaty interjections to utter. In the rudeness of to-day he seemed to be a less case. It was not Richman who was disappointed, but his part. Young Joseph who was capital as the amusing boy in the case, and by number of clever little touches showed us the happy results of his recent kid-glove achievements. Johnson as the husband was a trifle off at ease. Miss Clara Bloodgood was a surprise. Her work was excellent, and she slipped into actress-hood very rapidly. T. C. Valentine as the Captain made one of the bits of the Dear old Mrs. Gilbert was welcome, that really did one's heart good, and volumes for the kindness and loyalty of New York. No Patil was ever welcomed in the good old creature, as she has knowledge, must have felt that public is something worth living for, admirable and as inimitable as ever.

In fact, "Miss Hobbs" had the advantage of being a play. It was sung. The scene on the yacht, in the Columbia days, was a treat. And Jerome was Jerome—was all that he had been to be. The trouble was that he had Jerome all the time.

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"SIR TUMMAS" ENLIGHTENS DINKELSPIEL.

NOT HEEDING TO WRITE A BOOK.

(Copyright, 1899, New York Journal and Advertiser.)

V ELL, I haf just made anudder conversationings mit my lieber old college chum, Sir Tummas Lipton, vich is der Irish chentlemen vot expectations to make der Columbia log like thripence ha'penny up der Shilmrock dand ged her chib boom twisted and lose her head in der oxidemint.

"Wie gehts, Tummas?" I set ven ve med ut mit each oder. "Id giggles me mit pleasure to know vot you vas making enuchment in der land of der free and der home of der Ramapo robbers. How long haf you been oder mit us, Tummas?"

"I haf been oder mit you in der same locality should mit a week or so. Vy dit you interogation vot you ask?" set Sir Tummas.

"Of oder a week?" I set. "Vell, haf you vent to press yet mit your book on vot is your imbrassions about der Yinkes?"

"You do me a great wrongfulness," set Sir Tummas. "Uf I stay in dis Union Sdades two weeks or three weeks, and uf I trafel as far aray as Rahvay, New Chersey, or Skinyratrattings, New York, I vill not wrode a book on der Yinkes. Dot is nod der kind of a peasant vot I am. Der only book vot I vill composition id vill be der log book, vich id says, 'Der Shilmrock vill der Columbia py should sign or signiden miles mit der vind on der starboard gaff tobassils—burrah for der Irishers!' Dot is all der literature I vill contribution on dis side of der vader, Dinky."

"Vell, anyhow, Tummas, about der lift." I set. "About der next day after der ratings dare vill be a notice posted on der Shilmrock vich id says, 'Quid of Order. Der Lift Is Not Running. Uf id Vas Running Id Could Nod Run Fast Enough, Xet.' Vot you dinks, Tummas?"

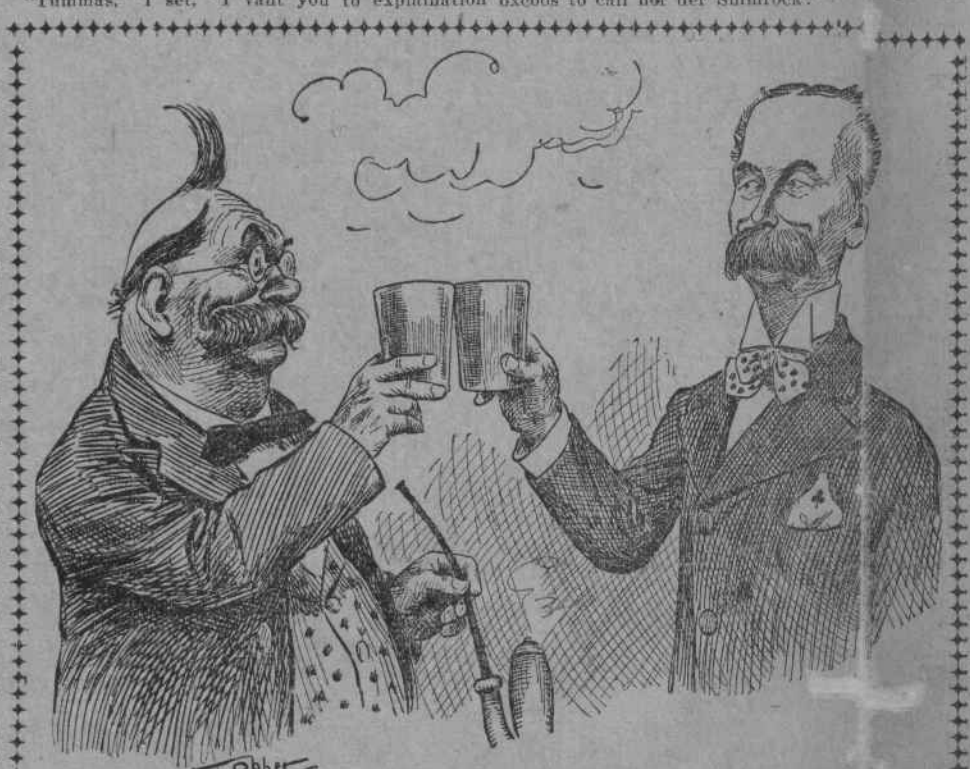
"Ha! ha!" set Sir Tummas mit a Scotch accentings in der vay he smiled. "Daand count your chiggens before dey vas introduction to der axe."

"Tummas," I set. "I vant you to explanation ocoos to call her der Shilmrock?"

"Und der sailors vot pay attention to der ratings, vich id says, 'Tummas?' I set. 'Sowas is from Norway and some is from Streden and some is from Belchum and some is from Skilbo on der estate of Andrew Carnicky,' set Sir Tummas."

"Haf you any Irishers mit you, Tummas?" I set. "Only zwel Irishers mit me and do der boat ad Cork," set Sir Tummas."

"Vell, Tummas," I set. "vare dit ocoos to call her der Shilmrock?"



Dinkelspiel Samples the Irish Contents of the Shamrock's Locker.

someditings to me vich id is a great botheration because der answer does nod association mit der question. Der Shilmrock she vas builded in Scotland der guff stockings and der Scottish highland comes from, ahnd id?"

"Ja," set Sir Tummas. "der Shilmrock vas builded in Scotland py Vilna Fife and Drums."

"Und der sails, Tummas," I set. "vare dit dey originate ad der beginning of der fairst blace?"

"Der sails," set Sir Tummas. "dey vas mate in Eukhant py der sailmakers in vaiting on Her Majesty."

"Dot is a dark secret," set Sir Tummas. "Id is a dark secret about vy dit id Shilmrock, but, since you vas mit clump, I vill tell you. I haf a cub in der cabin—dot is vy I call her d ferstey?"

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"Der sails," set Sir Tummas. "dey vas mate in Eukhant py der sailmakers in vaiting on Her Majesty."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

ON TOPICS OF MUCH PUBLIC INTEREST

—Harmony, But No Dickering.

Editor of the New York Journal: The thanks of all men who have a vote in our great country are due to the splendid management of your great and valuable newspaper. The three opinions you received in relation to harmonizing the Democratic party I will make a few comments upon.

The "Somebody" who said, "The only way to resume specie payments is to resume," was Horace Stone, of St. Louis, echoes the feelings of every true lover of the Democratic

party when he says, "The only way to harmonize the Democratic party is to harmonize." I cannot, however, agree with Mr. Stone that it is difficult to answer the question about concessions to the disaffected ones.

It is quite easy, and, in fact, Mr. Stone gives a good answer at the end of his letter by saying, "Dickering is out of the question."

The Hon. John P. Altgeld says that the Democratic party has a mission, and that its mission is not that of a compromise party, and that concessions of principle can never be made. Right you are, my dear Governor. Now, with regard to

John M. Palmer. He appears to me worthy to be called a Democrat. I cannot, however, agree with Mr. Stone that it is difficult to answer the question about concessions to the disaffected ones.

Neither he nor any of his followers by the Democratic party—unless the good answer at the end of his letter by saying, "Dickering is out of the question." I cannot, however, agree with Mr. Stone that it is difficult to answer the question about concessions to the disaffected ones.

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